VOLUME ONE / NUMBER FOUR / $5.00

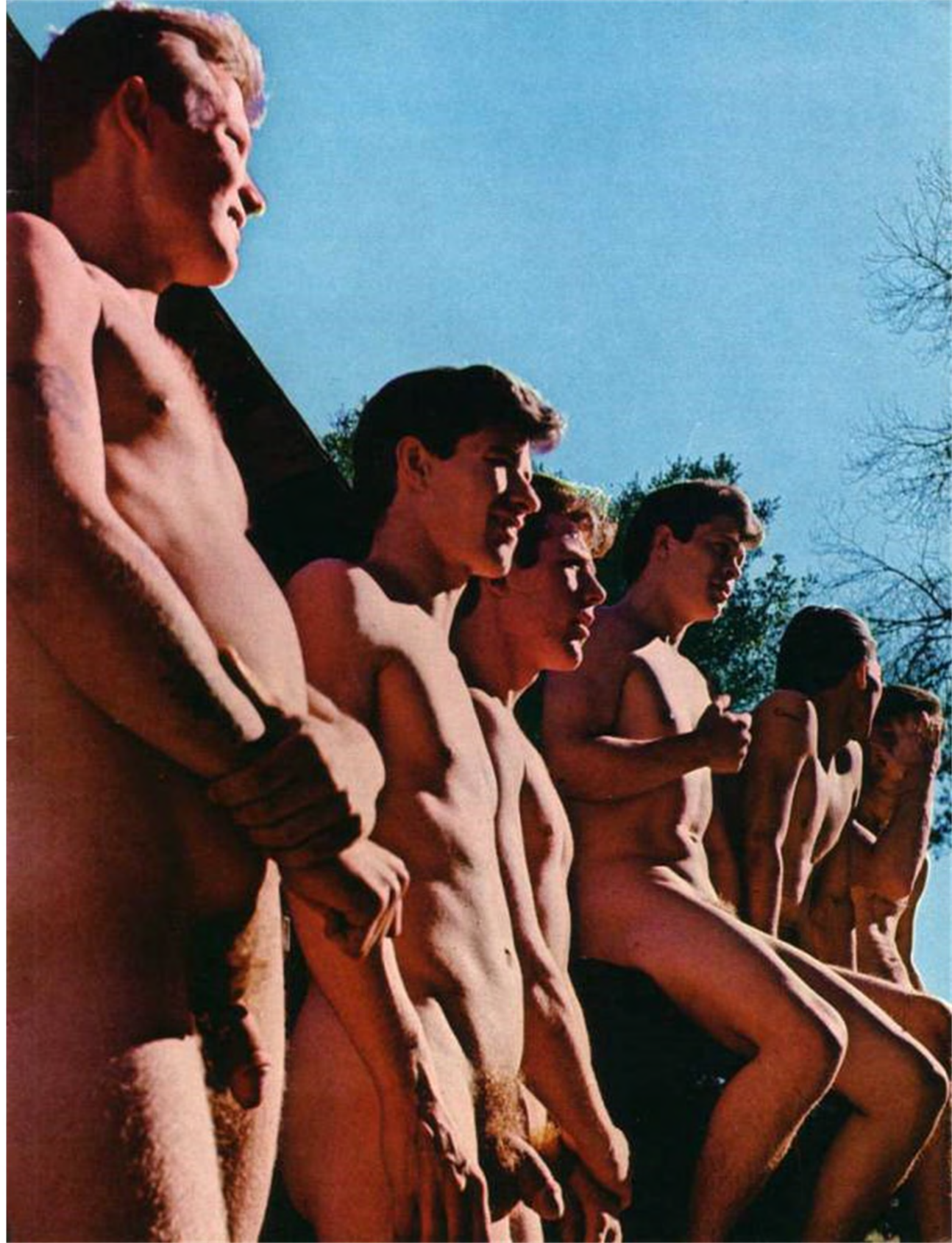
# MR. SUN

**A DARING NEW PROPOSAL:**
a nudist camp for single males only!

**IN THE FUTURE:**
in the know in europe

**PERCEPTION'S DOOR:**
nude for sensory understanding

**exciting new centerspread in full color!**



# MR. SUN

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## EDITORIAL

One of the more disturbing attitudes that plague the nudist scene is the "problem" of male singles. For a long time, too long and in some places even now, the male single was about as welcome in a nudist group as a patch of poison ivy. No one ever gave a very clear reason for this prejudice. It was just something that was not spoken of — and it was quietly understood that the reasons were apparent to one and all.

We all know the reason, and today there is no longer any need for it to be mentioned in whispers. Male singles were lechers, sex-mad individuals who would not know how to control themselves at the sight of pretty nude girl. Therefore it was de rigeur to keep them off the premises of every upstanding nudist park.

Only problem with that oafish attitude is that, surprise, it tends to keep the single girls out of parks, too.

Fortunately, the attitude of many parks is changing. Single men are as welcome as families and single girls, and many a romance has started between the two single groups that has blossomed into a new nudist family. This is how it should be, and through the enlightened attitude that all are welcome to nudism who want to abide by its principles, the movement will continue to grow along the dynamic and healthful lines that its pioneers had hoped for.

# NEEDED: A NEW CAMP

Somewhere along the line of nudist progress, the single male got himself dealt out of the game. We'll be forgiven if we mix our similies, but we do wish to make a point that is of vital, healthy concern to every nudist, single, married, men and women: The point is that the single male nudist is very well equipped to go out and make himself a camp all for his own, and that might not be such a bad idea, after all. Not bad for the single male nudist, but not very good for the nudist movement in general, although why the single male should feel any remorse out of cutting out of the parent movement is hard to understand. He has been cut out of the movement for a long time himself, and, as the saying goes, turnabout is fair play.

**Here's a daring proposal that might once and for all do away with the ridiculous prejudice against bachelors!**

# FOR MALE NUDISTS ONLY!

In a sense, however, the single male has no business at the typical American nudist park. The entire concept of the present day typical nudist park is designed for the family, not for the single male. It's a great place for the kids, the wife and the in-laws, but take one look around the typical park and it becomes apparent that this is really no place for the single male.

Geared to the family, the typical park puts its efforts into family activities: picnics, volleyball and swimming pool, with an occasional

**The emphasis at an all male nudist park would be on masculine activities!**

shuffleboard court or tennis game thrown in for the really active types. But are these the activities that could really attract the active young male? Patently, the answer is no. To do that, the parks would do well in creating some of the environment that almost every active young male is used to, feels at home with, or at very least would like to become familiar with.

The idea for an all-male nudist park is not exactly new. There have been men's clubs from the time of Adam no doubt, and there will be men's clubs when the last flicker of sunlight vanishes from our solar system and the whole thing goes *pust!* In a limited sense, the YMCA has been a "nudist" organization for years, although it might deny it in the stricter sense of nudism. But no one ever swam in the Y pool with a suit on!

The all-male nudist park, however, might never do better than by borrowing some of the ideas of the YMCA, particularly the wide-spectrum sports menu that is offered at the bigger Y's. An all-male nudist park would of necessity be a very sports conscious place indeed. And the first thing that would go would be the volleyball game. We concede that some of the Japanese girls play it extremely well and make it quite exciting, but deep down inside you know its strictly for the girls. There would be no volleyball games at the all-male nudist park.

Instead, the all-male nudist park would offer those masculine activities that have been perennially favored by active men. There would be handball instead of volleyball, squash instead of shuffleboard, and there

**It'll be run like an intelligent men's club!**

would be organized wrestling, golf, weight-lifting, water polo and other such masculine interests. There would also be a studied lack of the "king and queen" contests that the typical nudist park seems stuck on. After all, the all-male nudist park would be a place for gentlemen, and gentlemen don't need such outlandish trappings as imitation royalty.

As long as we're at this business of designing a hypothetical all-male nudist park, we might just as well go all the way and point out some of the other irksome attributes of the typical park as it exists today.

The all-male nudist park would have some proper cooking arrangements around, to begin

with. Anyone who has suffered the gustatory insults of the typical nudist park's short-order menu knows whereof we speak. Just because a group of people like to sunbathe in the nude does not necessarily make them bumpkins when it comes to the proper preparation and enjoyment of a meal.

And while we're on the subject of food, the all-male nudist park would not be so violently teetotalized! We believe that wines and beers and liquors have a necessary place in the enjoyment of the good life. Unlike the attitude of nearly every

**Cocktails before dinner? Beer on a hot afternoon? Yes, because the all male nudist park isn't afraid of such beverages!**

American nudist park, the all-male park would not be afraid of having alcoholic beverages on the property. After all, what is there to be afraid of? The very few who might abuse the use of such beverages will do so anyway, no matter where they happen to be, and merely forbidding it on the premises is almost an open challenge to defy the foolish regulation. We need hardly point out that such beverages have always been available in European parks, without the much-feared decay of propriety that anti-alcohol forces predict.

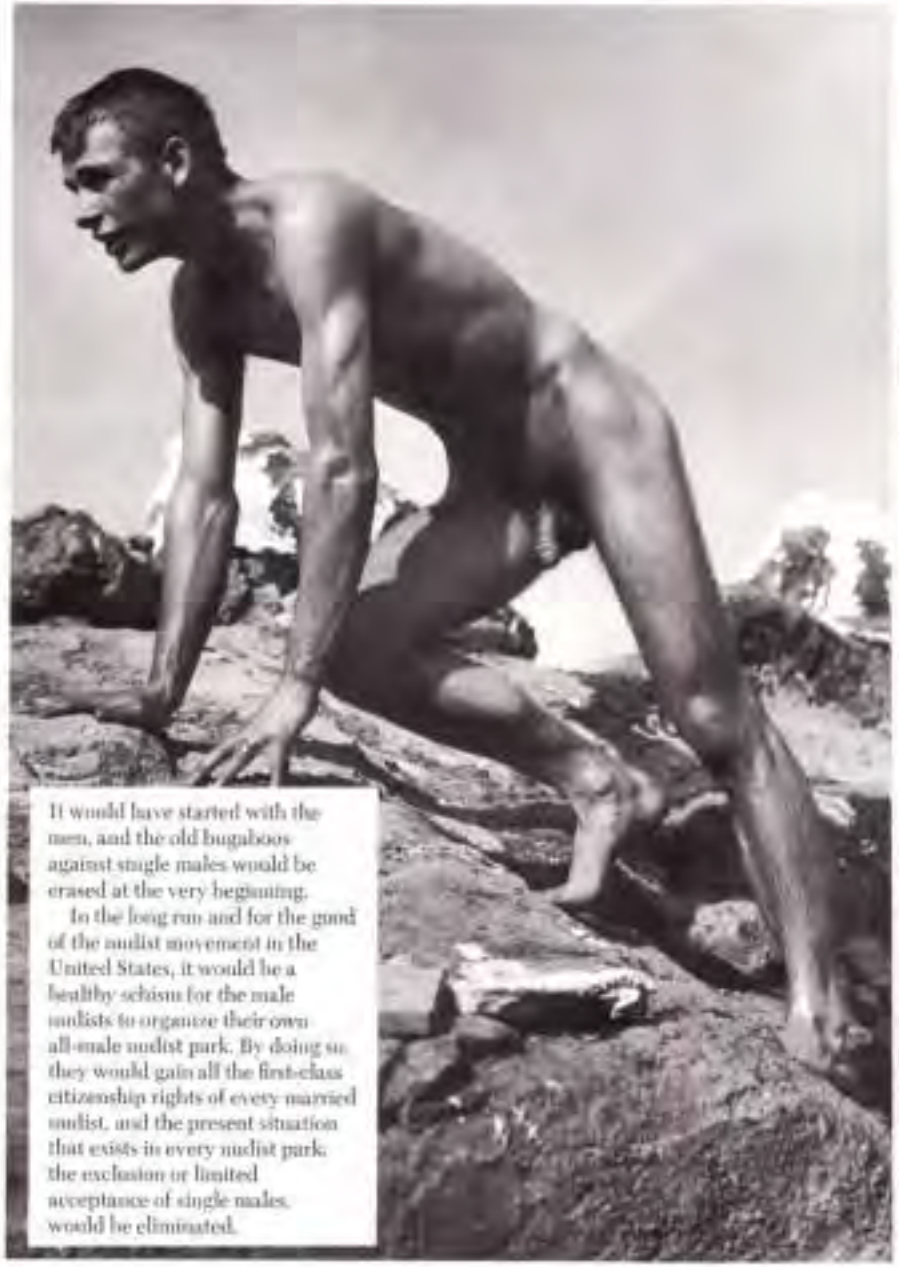
Of course, the all-male nudist park would not have some of the built-in problems of the typical family park. In the first place, the married men would not be there, and neither would their wives and therefore neither would the "danger" problem of the "lecherous bachelor" be one of much concern. As everyone would be a bachelor, there simply would not be any worries about "protecting" virtuous womanhood. The boys might want a little protection, however, when the girls find out that they have a park all to themselves. As the song says, where the boys are is

**Geared to the family, the typical nudist park hasn't room for single men!**

where the girls want to be.

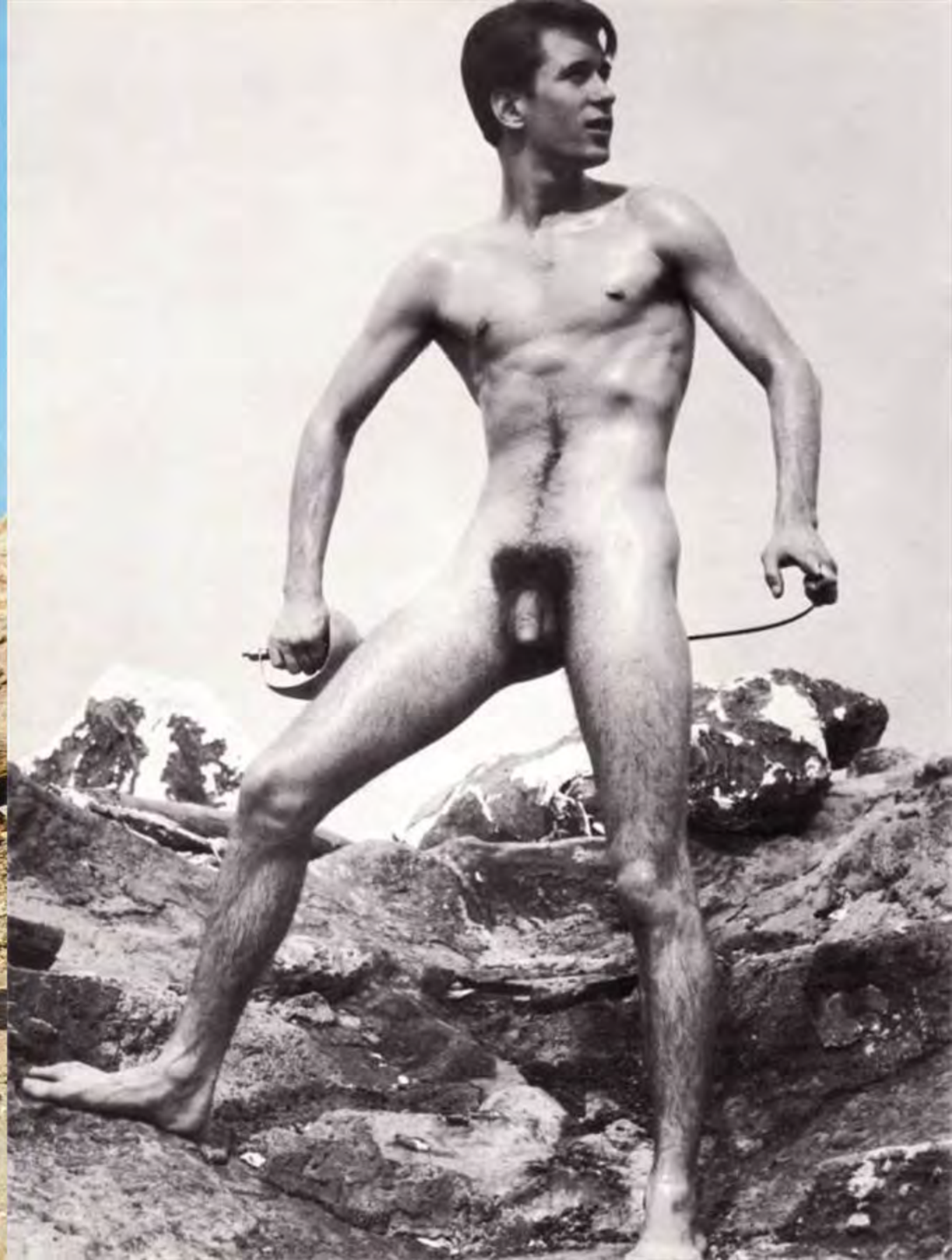
There might be future drawbacks, however, to an all-male nudist park. It's just possible that some of the boys would eventually want to bring in their girl friends, and then they would want to open it up to young marrieds and, quite naturally, they would want to bring along the children that come of that kind of a relationship. Before the happy bachelor can wake up, the all-male nudist park might be back to the family-oriented park of today. With one big exception, however:

**The all-male nudist park might be the best solution to the old-fashioned "singles" problem!**



It would have started with the men, and the old bugaboos against single males would be erased at the very beginning.

In the long run and for the good of the nudist movement in the United States, it would be a healthy schism for the male nudists to organize their own all-male nudist park. By doing so they would gain all the first-class citizenship rights of every married nudist, and the present situation that exists in every nudist park: the exclusion or limited acceptance of single males, would be eliminated.



# IN THE KNOW IN UNCLAD EUROPE

**If we must know the future of nudism in America, it might be like the present overseas!**

If you want to know what the future of mankind will be like don't visit a fortune teller; visit Europe concentrating on the Isle of Sylt, Germany; Montalivet in France and Switzerland's St. Moritz.

Montalivet is famed for its parade of nude beauties. Still, there's nothing ordinary about Sylt (except maybe the nude bathers) where the beach is endless, and the surf is rough. However, St. Moritz offers the biggest surprise of all where an expensive sports outfit is no longer a sure ticket into this fashionable ski resort which is definitely not for fireplace watchers.

With these choice locations, as appetizers, no longer is every member of the nudist family forced to go to one place for their sun tan. With beautiful sites available practically everywhere, nudism has become fractionalized and selective. The teenager, the tired businessman, the housewife can go to an area that suits his desires, be it excitement, glamor or relaxation.

One sure thing these natural escapes from conformity has solved is the problem of Beetle haircuts and trousers for everybody: it is no longer hard to tell boys from girls. Visiting these picturesque panoramas with clothes on is as unpardonable a *faux pas* as a prima donna clearing her throat after she gets on the stage before her audience.

A few years ago when a national magazine ran a front cover plugging "See America First" picturing a bride honeymooning at Niagara Falls in hair rollers, the cry went up this killed glamor and all that femininity means.

At the same time "See Europe Now" was being publicized, illustrated by a beautiful girl not even wearing hair spray, calling attention to, among other things, nude skiing which is becoming more and more popular in Europe. Instead of complaining about her nakedness the Europeans called it *savoir faire*. Nevertheless the promise is that time at these nudist beaches and ski-lagers disappears like ice in an oven. Here you can be a person in your own right. People can't see your past environment and scars do not count. You can make new friends.

The younger set seem to welcome this trend which accounts for much of the unblemished beauty displayed. Even the elders approve. One said she liked nude bathing because for once she met people who were radically different from the kinds of people she learned to know at more conventional resorts.

The snow-capped Alps in St. Moritz have always attracted the overdressed crowd. To be admitted there was much like a young lady preparing for surgery who spent $90 for three fussy nightgowns, $50 for a lace-trimmed robe, $45 for bedjackets and $15 for fancy mules.

"If I have to be sick, I want to look like Camille, a fabulous invalid," she explained.

But on her first trip to X-ray the day before surgery, she saw how she misspent the money. Hospital gowns were the only practical answer to tests, examinations, intravenous tubes, drains and bedpan accidents.

When it was too late, she learned, "Save your money. Wear what the hospital provides; they know what's best. Pocket your pride."

By the same reasoning — during off season — those who visit the Ikarus Club in St. Moritz-Sovretta also pocket their pride and wear what nature provides — their bare, unclad bodies, to enjoy skiing or snowbathing.

The Suisse Ikarus Club was originally organized for the promotion of Alpine Aviation. Its deluxe appointments included two vacation chalets, secluded indoor swimming pool with sauna and sunbathing terraces. It was a luxurious seasonal resort and a far from profitable enterprise.

To balance the budget the manager of the club suggested it be opened, at reduced rates, to nudist families during the off season. To put it bluntly, what he said was: "A pox on the status symbol that's all glitter and no guts."

The idea was accepted and the fabulous facilities of St. Moritz — stadium, bobsled run, skating rinks and ski runs were placed at the disposal of nudists.

One of the embarrassments of nude skiing was that it offended those who had no idea "it was like that." This feverish complaint usually from those who said "it's a short flight — only three bottles of champagne from New York to Switzerland."

To avoid such unpleasantness St. Moritz is for nudists only after April 1st each year. However, not all the yelling came from hearth-bound conformists. One girl who began to panic said, "I'd be all right if I could just put my clothes on for a few minutes." Another, much later, said ruefully, "I should have kept my clothes on."

Hold on! It's not what you think.

She broke her ankle on her first schuss. But even that catastrophe had its compensation because it qualified her to wear the new IN insignia of

the ski slopes — a little one-inch sterling silver fractured shin bone. The cracked tibiae are the mark of membership in the National Ski Patrol system.

It is a common delusion among sophisticated Americans that the rest of the world must be basically as enlightened as we imagine ourselves to be. But our anthropological naivete shows when many foreign places, like St. Moritz, seem to have much more of the western ideals — freedom, independence and the dignity of man — which we so highly prize and expect heartfelt agreement everywhere.

But then the French bluenoses once called Montalivet "La fin du monde" (the end of the world) and compared its activities with Lucrezia Borgia who also sponsored nude bathing en masse. Bathing nude, they said, provided an excuse for undisciplined sex.

Not a single girl's privacy has ever been violated among nudists (anywhere) even though Montalivet did represent the promise of adventure. For many, it was an escape from small-town confinements and conventions. In the final analysis, most flock there in search of the same thing that attracted the visiting American. Neither he nor they were disappointed.

This earthy, pastoral rhapsody, brimming with visual beauty is best, moralists say, at Le jour se leve (daybreak) when it's deserted. Others poked fun at the naturistes with risque farces like "La Belle Equipe" illustrating French worldiness and wit in the story of a young man, living in a remote village. He was so chaste that he won an award; the rosiere, usually given for virtue to a young woman. But when no other virgin could be found that year he was selected as the winner.

The maidens of the village were incensed. Especially hungry for vengeance were five ravishingly lovely sisters who knew his innocence was less the reflection of unusual moral probity than of an unfortunate lack of opportunity. They were determined to prove it.

They had won a lottery, pooled their resources and opened an academie de culture physique and naturistes classes for women. They invited the young man to visit their brotherlovely paradise knowing if tempted he would be ouvert (open) to exposure. After all, he was a man.

Among other things they wined and dined him until he fell into an exhausted stupor. The outrages are not described but the horror of the loss of innocence was mirrorred in his protuberant eyes.

The jubilant sisters arranged that his regain (harvest) over he be discovered there the next morning by the thoroughly scandalized townspeople. Most vehement was la femme du boulanger (the baker's wife) who had been making eyes at him.

"Scoundral!" she screamed. "All night with a bunch of naked femmes!"

With a ravaged look in his eyes the disenchanted young man protested, "La belle equipe! (There were only five)."

This highly imaginative spoof didn't disrupt the interest in nudism anymore than it stimulated nudists to misconduct. But it did inspire other gems of humor in front-page editorials: "Even if nudism is controversial there will be no war about it. But nudists will fight for their freedom, fight so well not a single person will be left wearing a stitch of clothing."

The French, who value style above most other virtues, are still infatuated with this story, perhaps because it is so preposterous. It comes from the Riviera where a rather unconventional matron gave a luncheon for a large number of very stuffy guests.

Her passionate devotion to individual freedom led to some unbelievable absurdities. At this particular luncheon she employed a beautiful artists model with extravagant assets, fore and aft, to serve refreshments while completely nude. As the nude maid passed tiny cheese tidbits around one of the guests suddenly gave a shriek of horror, stood up and fainted. The nude waitress went to her assistance but, with everything moving, a number of other guests also collapsed from sheer shock.

Surveying the scene the hostess was inspired to do something about it. She counted the survivors, called a cab, and rushed off to Monte Carlo to put all her available wealth on the number indicated. It proved to be a winner and she came into a very tidy sum.

That nudist liberte and fraternite, now visible at centre Naturiste de Marseille, was also acceptable long ago is illustrated in Rubens' lush allegory on canvas with a bevy of voluptuous nudes present at the Reception of Marie de'Medici at the Harbor of Marseilles.

But more than 300 years ago when Catherine de'Medici (1519-1589) became Queen of France she was stunned not by the nudity, but by the not so haute eating habits at her husband's court. It was she who introduced many classic recipes from Florence and Northern Italy to make what is now called haute cuisine francaise.

The human scenery has not changed much since then. There is very little difference in what one sees on the free nudist beaches of Germany or in France. Perhaps the only difference, no longer evident, was that the first Germans at their nudist beaches acted like people who had fled from a violent explosion and gradually returned to the scene of disaster as the smoke disperses. As they slowly groped their way back they not only found escape in the "nudist miracle" but pride in the increasing numbers that embraced it so enthusiastically.

It is these highly literate and civilized people, the people of Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven, and Bach, that the tourist meets quite naturally today on the Isle of Sylt.

Yet, before World War One there were many repressive Prussian-style girls' boarding houses where daughters of army officers were trained to become the well-disciplined mothers of well-disciplined soldiers. These female students were called Madchens in uniform.

Thirty years later at beaches along the North Sea — from Norderney north to List — thousands of Madchens were out of uniform as they frolicked nude in the sun.

The centre of German nudism is the Isle of Sylt from where the most important thing one carries away is a series of visual impressions — of the vastness of the beach with its two separate dramas. The partly swimsuit clad on one side exposing the puniness of man's thinking and the completely naked on the other side, a thronging spectacle so impressive that one is never conscious of the thunder of the surf. There are the girls, bikinied on one side and unkinied on the other. Regardless, all are opulently endowed and inaccessible lovely, blondes, brunettes and redheads ranging in suntanned skin tone from coffee to chocolate to ebony.

Sylt is not a matter of a few isolated nude bathers designed to overwhelm or to ensnare the unwary. It's nude bathing, in public, on a mass scale and all of Germany knows it's there.

There are many beautiful women sunbathing with effortless naturalism. None of them are there for idle effect. They are there because they so desire.

The outcasts by choice on the clothed part of the beach, called by German nudists "the junk heap," manage to be perversely cheerful, though, as the crowds of naked swimmers grow, it must be increasingly clear to them that what is taking place is not just a passing fad but a total and irrevocable change purifying the climate. More important the Isle of Sylt reminds all that people do take the trouble to know each other other as people, instead of naked or dressed. Still, there are some who continue to protest. But most argue from a conservative point of view, like, "Why don't nudists wear clothes?"

History has confirmed, over and again, that man nor society can be forcibly remade. Their regeneration has to be a natural process. On this basis Sylt, as an experience, reaches out and envelopes all. Huge, but never out of human scale, it gently unfolds its full power for those who would bathe nude by choice.

"You know," first time visitors invariably say, "when I see those people out there, I have the feeling they really believe in what they're doing."

But they didn't get all this by just walking naked and being pleasant. Nor could they coast into acceptance on their suntans, even though they long ago lost the label of being irresponsible.

Franco-German rivalry, so intense during the historic years of 1870, 1916 and 1940, is not evident at Sylt or Montalivet where German and French nudists sunbathe as one populaire front with absolutely no evidence of interest or participation becoming aus-gespielt—all played out.

Nudism may still be just a mold but almost universal acceptance is starting to fill it.

Stepping out of our clothing is more than just getting naked; it can be a new revelation about ourselves!

# Nude for Sensory Understanding *

There is more to nudity than plain nakedness or freedom from clothing, and this something more is just beginning to be realized in the realm of casual nudism.

To take off one's clothes in an atmosphere of freedom, of healthy respect for the beauty of the human body is to go beyond the bare skin itself and to delve into the real spirit of humanity beneath that first veil we call clothing. So long has mankind used clothing as a costume for the role he wants to play that, except for small children and nudists, the costume dictates the man. He cannot come out of the role that the costume gives him because he is trapped by it as though it were an iron suit.

But this restriction on individual freedom is experiencing a change for the good. With the acceptance of casual nudity around the home, the backyard swimming pool and the patio, has come a new insight into the unused senses that we were all born with.

One writer has called it an awareness of "sensory" perception, an awakening of the five senses of the body to the sights, smells, sounds, tastes and touches that we too often tend to ignore because we're too busy. How true the words of William Wordsworth: "The world is too much with us, late and soon; getting and spending we lay waste our powers . . ." In the course of busy lives, we rush to our jobs, stop only at midday to gobble a hurried sandwich and then back to the job and then home, only to collapse in front of the TV. Then off to bed to renew the strength necessary to do the same dull routines all over. By doing so, we "lay waste" our powers to appreciate all the simple things that should make life worth living.

Ah, but all is not lost! The role of casual nudity can step into the dull routine of our lives and give us a new outlook, a new appreciation of the remarkable powers of our bodies.

Unfettered by the costume of our daily life, we can step naked and free into a new world that holds out the promise of a new mental make-up, too, as well as a new awareness of the sensory pleasures. And it can all be yours by making that first little step into the world of the casual nudist, a world freed only of clothing at first, but a world that gradually begins to open its secrets through the heightened perception we get through our normal senses.

The state of nudity brings us totally aware of the first great sense, touch. Shorn of the daily costume of living, we are suddenly aware of the soft breezes that waft through our abode, or the tingling chill that the shade can bring on a hot afternoon. These are simple things, yet they portend what is to come in the new realm of sensory perception.

And the other senses, too, are given new dimension in our thinking. The flavor of a fresh apple becomes an exotic new sensation on our palates, full with delight that we had never noticed before. And what about a drink of plain water? It's not the same any longer. The liquid becomes cooler and full of flavors that we were never aware of.

Instead of seeing a mere landscape, sensory perception makes us look deeper into any surroundings. The play of wind on a nearly leafless tree in autumn or the rippling of the grass under the touch of the wind. Suddenly we find a whole spectrum of new colors in scenes that we had thought we had seen a million or more times.

And the odors of the world around us can become new experiences with only the effort necessary to think about them. How delightful, for example, is the waft of perfume that momentarily overrides the smell of auto exhausts on a busy street. It happens all the time, yet we had been to unaware to notice before.

With the new awareness of sensory perception, we can hear the multitude of sounds that had been blurred before by our indifference, and we are the happier for it.

It's easy to come to terms with the senses that we were all born with. All it takes is that first step into the realm of casual nudity, the step that begins the trip to sensory perception. Step into it and find that something else that nudity offers.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